

THE
MIRROR OF THE STAGE
 or,
New Dramatic Censor;
 CONSISTING OF
 ORIGINAL MEMOIRS OF THE PRINCIPAL ACTORS,
CRITICISMS
 ON THE
NEW PIECES AND PERFORMERS;
 ANECDOTES, ORIGINAL ESSAYS,
 &c. &c. &c.

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Embellished with a striking Portrait of
Mrs. VINING AS KORAN,
IN THE "VISION OF THE SUN."

LONDON:

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TO CORRESPONDENTS.

"NOTES from a CHORUS SINGER" are too *base* for our purpose.

We have received the communication of "ACHILLES:"—his appearance is *very natural*, we avow, so may be his namesake's, at least it is so dubbed by *feminine* connoisseurs; but we can give no *leaf*, and, in that case, of course he cannot be seen.

An "OLD PLAY-GOER" must know, that these things are altered now from "Garrick's Time;" and if ladies will still persist in wearing huge bonnets, to the inconvenience of "respectable old gentlemen" in snuff-colored coat and amber-headed cane, why, though it is not the "most magnificent behaviour," (as Wilkinson has it) yet, he must own, that it is preferable to being smothered in powder, and excoriated by hoops,—though still be it understood, we are no advocate for ladies in the *straw*.

A "DISCARDED AUTHOR" informs us, as an instance of managerial economy, that "*Quentin Durward*" just produced, amounted, in its *putting together*, to 1s. 6½d.:—one shilling for paper—1d. for re-grinding of scissors—and 2½d. for wafers:—the copy itself, being proof sheets, will be paid for *per order*.

A "FRIEND FROM THE GREEN-ROOM" has informed us, that "Mr. G." of Drury-Lane, has refused to *play* a part—we should like to know *when* he ever *consented*.

We are obliged to "SUAVE" for his description of a fight said to have taken place between a lamplighter and chimneysweep; but have no room for its insertion; and can only favor our readers with the argument of battle, which was, whether a *wood-cut* lately put forth in a Sunday paper with Mr. Kean's name, was intended for Thistlewood or the Esquimaux Indian.

Our best thanks to Mr. L. the doctor, for his communication, stating that Mr. Sensitive was so internally deranged by perusal of the Surrey bill as to furnish Mr. L. with an item in his account for allaying nausea.

Mr. HECTOR SIMPSON has received a Grasshopper from Mesopotamia, which is expected will make a noise in the next pantomime. Perhaps Mr. Burroughs, judging from the full house that Mr. Grove has once disgusted, thinks that another INSECT may draw as well.

Stanza's from "SPARKLE" are "excellent *concocted* things."

We think "CYNIC" must be wrong; as regards Mr. Kean's boat,—we can never believe Mr. Elliston to have been half in the thing in order to fill a gallery.

THE Mirror of the Stage;

OR,

NEW DRAMATIC CENSOR.



"To hold, as 'twere, the mirror up to nature;
To show virtue her own feature; scorn her own image;
And the very age and body o' th' times its form and pressure."

No. 23.] MONDAY, JUNE 23d, 1823. [Vol. II.

MEMOIR OF MRS. VINING.

IT frequently happens that we are compelled, from the nature of our work, to circumscribe narrative into plain and general assertion, omitting 'hair-breadth escapes by flood and field,' in order to make mention of the more important circumstances connected with our subject. We trust we are not held responsible for any lack of incident, which by the want, renders the notice a short one, when the person treated on does not (perhaps fortunately) present sufficient adventures for a lengthened detail. "The tyrant custom" demands two or three prefatory statements, which, with our best knowledge, we shall make. Mrs. Vining, whose maiden name was Johannet, was born in Surrey:—"Women and music should not be dated:"—we cannot date in this instance, or certainly should in despite of Goldsmith. Being purposed for some degree of theatric practice, she was educated for a dancer in the Opera-school, from whence she went to Drury Lane, still in the train of Terpsichore. There is no doubt, in greater matters, where an actual capacity for any science exists, is an irrepressible impulse to its devotion; and, from such feeling we believe, Mrs. Vining left town for the enjoyment of those inclinations whose bent has been so truly shewn, though not so well appreciated. This lady, after making the usual tour, was called to London in 1820, when she made a most successful *debut*, as *Mariette*, in *Therésé*, at Covent Garden Theatre, from the personation of which, we are apt to consider her worthy of a more exalted sphere in her profession than has been assigned to her. She has played at Brighton, and, we are assured with much capability, the *Meg Merrilies* and *Helen Macgregors*; and yet at Covent Garden they now find but a sorry representative, to the exclusion of the lady in question, decidedly the only one capable of succeeding their talented original. But there are, in every situation and stage of life, some whose elevation only excites wonder at their good fortune:—some who, having their own good opinion, act boldly on it, and, by such confidence, dash into prosperity;—others, who possessing every requisite for a better path, are, by circumstances, doomed to trudge

on the highway, edged and elbowed from the sure profitable footing by mere self-sufficiency:—but so it is; “and there is no health in it.”

Having now decided what we imagine the merits his lady should receive, we shall now speak of their present direction, “still harping on” their abuse.—For instance;—we see Mrs. Vining placed on for a good comfortable sort of churning housewife in “*Clari*,” which would have better suited Mrs Coates, or any other half-dozen-line hanger-on; and, but an instant after, we behold her as the elegant mercurial peasant.—This is having “exits and entrances” assuredly. As the daring lover of Mr. Farley’s creation, we know no one who could have so well availed herself of the few opportunities for display of talent, and at the same time given so much importance to the nursery legend of “*The Vision of the Sun*.” Mrs. Vining, as *Koran*, is all grace and elasticity:—the springing buoyancy of youth made more buoyant by a new impulse;—at least Mr. Farley intends it to be understood that *Koran* is deeply in love with a Princess, yet a few moments after his “heart’s dearest heart” has been carried off by a wicked magician, who, no doubt, intended to make love à-là-Pluto,—caused her distracted lover to philosophize in all the evolutions of dance. Now, had Mr. Farley allowed the ceremony to have taken place, and *Koran* to have been really married, why, his indulging in a few steps after such a loss might have been in perfect accordance with many actual instances;—but, however, we will not argue it with Mr. F. whether a man should dance or not after being spoiled of his “kicksey wicksey,”—but only speak of the dancing itself, which, if a woman is to be danced out of her affections, we would advise every aspirant for feminine patronage to copy the steps of Mrs. Vining. We cannot conclude without congratulating the management of Covent-Garden on the possession of a lady, whose good-nature accepts equally the sober, steady matrons, and the buskin’d romantic lovers. —though we cannot altogether applaud the taste which employs them in such opposites.

ACTORS BENEFITS.

SIR,—There is a most contemptible and unworthy practice resorted to of late by actors; I say, *of late*, because assuredly the system grows every day more disgusting. The love of gain of course is prevalent in every class, and when such disposition can be gratified by wholesome means, it disarms all observation; but when a link of specious lies are strung together, for the only purpose of filling a house, of pocketing the profits, and duping an audience, it is neither the bearing of an honest man or gentleman. “All have their fooleries” I know, from the patent walls to the *worst*, I mean *West London Theatre*; one lady puts her fair head into a bag-wig, and another gentleman takes a mob-cap—this is ridiculous of course, but may find a little indulgence, as an unchained marmozet might, by his caperings on a carpet, amuse folks in a “holiday mood,” but would most assuredly merit and receive due chastisement, if found revelling ’mid the china. I have no objection to a *freak* once a year or so from an actor; but never let him descend beneath quacks and mountebanks. One person gives a horse away at his,

benefit; that is, my friend and I have settled who is to have him. Another goes to the theatre drawn by ducks and tom cats. One dangles on a rope between the Surrey and the obelisk, and another proffers an undrawn sixteenth. And who is to be reprehended for this—the persons themselves are merely the secondary swindlers: it is the managers that give their sanction to such a system of deception—that suffer either ignorant or impudent pretenders thus grossly to insult the public sense. I will ask any one of common understanding, if such a filthy collection of absurdity and nonsense was ever put forth as that from a simpleton called Grove, and two partners, Messrs. Buckingham and Buxton, now in print. The Surrey Theatre is fast going in public estimation, and such offices will speedily accelerate its *chute*. There was a time when this once favored place of amusement was a comfortable retreat, when “*The Heart of Mid Lothian*,” and the “*Giovanni on Horseback*” were in their zenith, with other pieces of humour and credit; but, now actors vie with each other to render themselves contemptible, and a great portion have assuredly gained the object desired—all this owes its origin to this fulsome practice.

PETER PLAINWAY.

MR. OXBERRY'S SYMPATHIES TOWARDS DEPARTED GENIUS.

The inimitable Mr. Oxberry has been at Birmingham, and, with that versatility of talent which has lately gained him the above gratifying appellation, purposed on the evening of his benefit giving an Imitation of “Several London Performers.” Well, a man has a right to *expose* himself to his friends on his benefit night, in all his various energies. Mr. Oxberry commenced, and gave a most *natural* imitation of one or two characters, we are not informed which, perhaps it was *Crack's drunken scene*, for one trick, and so Mr. O. would have proceeded; but—

“How sometimes NATURE will betray its folly,
“Its tenderness; and make itself a pastime
“To harder bosoms.”—

He commenced his powers of mimicry on the late John Kemble, but it was too much for Mr. Ox's sensibilities: his triumphant career was stopped by his *memory* of that great actor; and, after making several fruitless essays, with the assistance of the prompter to boot, he, with the greatest ingenuousness, declared his incapability of proceeding, so much was he affected by the recollections of departed worth: well, and doubtless, Mr. O. justly expected that the audience, “seeing the beads of sorrow stand in his eyes,” would feel a kindred grief; but, “Oh ye hard hearts, ye cruel men of *Birmingham*,” instead of “heaven descended pity” spreading amongst ye, there was “laughter holding both his sides;” and, so riotously did the risible god exert his powers, that Mr. O. disgusted no doubt with the brutality of his audience, quitted the stage. How we envy the feelings of Mr. Oxberry, which by their pure and touching ascendancy, must have been grateful in their first visiting, and doubly so in their after consolation; to be enthralled in past recollection as Mr. O. avowed of his dear *friend* John Kemble, to think of their

many past happy hours, and then to think upon his bier, who could "step from this to that" and not be out.

PRIVATE THETRICALS, BERWICK STREET.

On Friday evening the "*Poor Gentleman*" was represented here, by nearly the same company as mentioned in our last.—Mr. E. Knight appeared to form the grand attraction; and a most elegant audience, amongst which were many celebrated professionals, attended to witness his endeavours in *Stephen Harrowby*. Mr. Knight will, we have no doubt, after making the usual tour, (provided he foregoes imitation, to which, unfortunately, nature has in some measure made him prone,) fill a respectable place in the *corps dramatique*, more at present we cannot say;—but we earnestly request him to study nature:—to fix his own observation on the world's incidents, and we have no doubt of his powers to embody them. Mr. Walker, the *Henry Moreland* of our last, played *Frederick Bramble*, and, if we except a too great warmth in sentiment, was correct and gentlemanly. *Sir Charles Cropland* was, as *Ollapod* says, "the only eyesore to the prospect;"—a knight without grace, or one thing fashionable, if we except whiskers. *Ollapod* was very respectable:—and Mr. J. H. Jerrold, for his extreme youth, gave some promise in *Farmer Harrowby*. Mr. Povey looked very good-natured in *Old Bramble*. *Emily Worthington* gave us no mean idea of *Sir Charles Cropland's* bravery.—The lady had a most repelling eye, and projecting lip.

"*Catherine and Petruchio*" followed, and we have no pity on *Petruchio*, however afflicted with sore throat;—it is but a just retaliation for the infliction of deafness.

FIVE IN ONE,

(Concluded from page 136.)

Enter *BUSTLEWARD*, meeting *PROTEUS*, disguised as follows, viz.

—A pair of petticoat-trowsers, fisherman's boots, a Guernsey frock and shirt, large blue jacket; blind of one eye, and bereft of the left arm; a sailor's hairy cap, black wig, &c.—a small parcel in his hand.

Pro. (singing.) "On board of the *Arethusa*!"

Bust. Well, friend, and what do you want?

Pro. (in a rough voice.) *Avast heaving!* Are you the commander on this station?

Bust. I am the landlord of this house, if that's what you mean.

Pro. My reckoning's right then. But, I say, old one, are the hatchways closed? no one on the look-out?

Bust. We are free from observers or listeners?

Pro. I'll overhaul my log-book, and let you know who I am in the veering of a point. My name is *Sam Haulyard*! when I was as big as a powder-monkey, I was rated on board a privateer! I fought bravely for six and thirty years; got winged upon the lar-board tack, (pointing to his arm,) and lost a day-light, (pointing to his eye.) When finding, as I grew older I grew no richer; (and

having no chance for Greenwich,) I left the Government service, and took to trading under false colours. I have just bore down to this port, under all the sail I could crowd, with a cargo of whifflegig nicknackeries and Frenchified articles. Mayhap you mayn't want somemat of that sort?

Bust. Why, look ye, my friend, I have no objection to become a purchaser on very reasonable terms; but where are the goods you mentioned?

Pro. Here, messmate.

(*shewing the parcel.*)

Bust. What are the contents?

Pro. Six dozen of French gloves; 15 yards of real French silk, made in—(aside) *Spitalfields*, I believe; and 30 yards of real French lace, made in—made—in Nottingham, for aught I know—(aside.)

Bust. What shall I give you for the whole?

Pro. Twenty pounds.

Bust. You shall have it. And now, my honest friend, I want you to do me a favour.

Pro. What is it?

Bust. You must know there is an impudent fellow in this neighbourhood, of the name of Proteus. Perhaps you may know him?

Pro. Me! Lord love your honour, I never keep such company.

Bust. All the better for you. Well, this fellow has not only run in debt with me, but made love to my daughter. 'Tis my wish to get him out of the way. Now, as your vessel is not far off, suppose you was to kidnap him on board, and convey him to France, Holland, Botany Bay, or any where else you like. Do this, and I'll make that twenty pounds—fifty.

Pro. (*half-aside.*) Here's a pretty rascal.

Bust. Who?

Pro. Who? why—why, the fellow you are alluding to. But set your heart at rest, he shall never trouble you more than he does at the present moment. But come, my purser, the bounty you promised—privateering work ought always to be a ready-money business.

Bust. There! (*gives him notes—counting them.*) One, two, three, four, five—five ten pound notes. Call on me in the evening, and I will give you instructions how to settle the business.

Pro. I will, Sir. I wish you joy of your bargain, Sir. (*aside.*) My old buck, it shall go devilish hard if I don't settle your business, and my own too, before you are the least aware. [*Exit PROTEUS.*]

Bust. Come, come; I think I have plotted like a statesman. Silencing the opposition, by force or bribery, is the surest way of ruling the roast without trouble. I shan't be troubled with Proteus: I have overmatched him this time—he will be disposed of at all events—but what signifies getting rid of him, whilst I have such a perverse self-willed daughter. When I buried my wife, I thought all my troubles lay with her; but, phoenix-like, her offspring rises from the ashes, to harass and perplex me. If she marries Proteus, I have done with her.

SONG.

When I married, thinks I, my wife is a blessing,
But quickly discovered she would prove a curse;
And tho' she is dead, still I have one thing oppressing,
My obstinate daughter is in temper much worse.

My wife was wrangling,
 My girl is jangling;
 For ever jarring,
 Projects marring;
 Scratching, fighting,
 To wrath inciting.
 Children squalling,
 Wife a-bawling;
 Zounds and death,
 I'll stop your breath.
 Swearing, tearing,
 Fending, proving,
 Mending, loving.

Oh, the plague of a wedded life!
 Continual scene of noise and strife!

Enter PROTEUS, as a Frenchman, dressed as follows, large jack-boots, short riding jacket and waistcoat, his hair in papers, a long tail, small cocked hat, and whip; in short, a dress in the manner of a French postillion; snuff-box, &c.: talking very fast, followed by HUMPHREY.

Proteus. (crosses the stage, and back to the centre, where he remains.) You be *vous* great Jack-a-de-beef-heads, for *vy* you keep a me dingle dangle; *vait*, a-*vait*, and kick my hoof in de court-yard? *Vy* you no come and take a my horse, you monkey fool, eh?

Bust. Dear me, Mounseer, I am extremely sorry——

Pro. Sorry! by Gar, you ought to be very large sorry. Here I am ride all de *vay* upon de post, to prepare you for the reception of my Lord Augustus de Courcy Agincourt Fopperell—my *maitre*, *vas* you to understand me, eh? you little humpy dumpy, sat upon de vall.

Hum. Mercy on us, what a name! it be as long as the blacksmith's score?

Bust. I beg your pardon, Mounseer; but I did not hear,——

Pro. Hear! *Sacré, pomme de terre*,—you are to deserve to have your ear and nose pull so very long, dat it shall take one horse and six coaches to bring you back again. In *France*, de people are all *attention* and *politesse*; so very good humoured and condescending; so ready to *oblige*, dat ven de *Anglois* de go to see dem, and complain of de *veight* in deir pocket, de people of my nation are good natured enough to free dem from dat *maladie*!

Bust. Then I suppose they *fleece* em, eh?

Pro. Vat is dat *fleece*?

Bust. Oh, *fleece*, *fleece*, is to,——to rob, charge high.

Pro. Oui,—dat is vat I mean,—yes.

Hum. Sarve 'em right! Why do they leave little England? They won't match her in a hurry! They may go farther, and fare worse.

Bust. Pray, Mounseer, is this master of yours, with the long name, very rich?

Pro. Sur mon *hohneur*, he is all over silver and gold! He *vas* engage vid me at Paris as his valet, and now, *je suis*, dat is, I am his *avant-courier*. He give me two hundred pounds every year, besides all his clothes, and my eat, my drink, my wash, my lodge, and my, &c.

Hum. Phew! (*whistling*. By goles, that's a tightish lump of money! and pray, Mounseer, what may you do for it?

Pro. *Noting at all!* I go out, take a my plaisir, ogle do pretty girl, and leave de oder dometique to do all de vork.

Bust. Your master, I suppose, is a very great man?

Pro. No, much about my size. He is employ by de government, in de home department, and ever since he *vas appoint to de office*, he has been abroad! but dey are so *complaisant* and kind, dat dey give my *maitre* a *magnifique* salary, and keep anoder *gentilhomme* to do all de labour!

Hum. I say, Mounseer, you and your master be somemat alike in that respect.

Bust. And pray, Mounseer, how long do you intend staying in this country?

Pro. Till I have *save money* enough to enable me to live in my own *vidout work!* Den I shall return to my native France, marry *ma belle fille*, and laugh at de *credulité* of de *Anglois* to give all their money to de foreigner, and let all their countrymen starve.

Bust. What kind of a man is your master?

Pro. Very beauty man; but so overpower vid *ennui*, dat he no care vat become of de world, so he live vidout trouble.

Bust. What is your honour's name?

Pro. Monsieur Guillaume Jacques de Coeur le Chien. But I must be for to go. Landlord, you vas no to forget and understand and prepare for de reception of my *maitre*, Lord Augustus de Courcy Agincourt Fopperell. You vill tell him I have been here. You may expect him at your maison in one, two, tree, moment. I ath his valet, and my name is Monsieur Guillaume Jaques de Coeur le Chien, avant courier and premier serviteur to my Lord Augustus de Courcy Agincourt Fopperell. (*Exit Proteus talking.*)

Hum. Lawk a marcy, what a thing to be sure! Prepare for the reception of my Lord Augustus, &c. &c. [*Exit Hum. imitating.*]

Bust. Well, of all the *maggies* of the *party-coloured species* I ever heard, your jack-a-dandy is the worst; If the master be like him, they are a blessed pair! This comes of employing *foreigners*, while so many of our own poor countrymen are starving for the want of work. Shame on such proceedings! Humanity and national feeling are entirely absorbed in the vortex of fashion, folly, and extravagance! Here comes my daughter; she'll plague me about that fellow Proteus, who has contrived to rob her of her heart, and me of my liquor.

Enter FANNY.

I suppose you have been weeping and waiting for your swain! Singing melancholy ballads about cruel parents severing true lovers, and all that! I expect to see you soon, roaming about the house like mad Bess, with a wisp of straw in one hand, and a bunch of flowers in the other; but come, as you have lost one lover, you must think of another. I have received proposals of marriage for you, from Mr. Pinchbeck, the rich jeweller in the next town; and though I have never seen him, yet, report says, he possesses those qualities so essential for a rich husband, age and infirmity.

Fanny. You do not deem it necessary for any love to be in the case?

Bust. Love be d——d! It won't buy you a wedding dinner!—Mr. Pinchbeck, according to the laws of nature, cannot live long; he is three score and upwards; has an annual touch of the gout, possesses a most inveterate asthma, is nearly blind, quite deaf, and almost deprived of the use of all his faculties!

Fanny. Upon my word, Sir, language is too weak to thank your parental care, in providing me so good a husband! (*curtseying.*)

Bust. Why, yes, Fanny; I think you ought to be grateful. But come, give me your consent.

Fanny. My dear father——

Bust. Damn it, don't be obstinate, Fanny!

Fanny. I am not obstinate; but I won't marry old Mr. Pinchbeck!

Bust. Fanny, I see what you are driving at, you want to put me in a passion; you want to put me out of humour, but you shan't; I'll be d——d if you shall! (*gradually works himself into a rage.*)—I'll not lose my temper. You want to marry Proteus, but I have prevented that; he'll soon be fat enough off, never enter into this house again, unless he comes in the shape of——

Enter HUMPHREY.

Hum. (*bawling.*) Lord Fopperell, Sir!

Bust. What of him?—

Hum. Why, he be comed, Sir.

Fanny. Indeed! then I will go. If you want me, father, you will send. (*Exit Fanny.*)

Bust. What kind of a man is he, Humphrey?

Hum. I hardly knows, Sir; but he smells of perfume like a pottycarries shop in the dog days. You may judge for yourself: here he comes, this way, my Lord, if you please. } (*together.*)

Bust. This way, my Lord.

Enter PROTEUS, as Lord Fopperell; his clothes in the extreme of fashion; a red morocco fan-case on his arm; a white pocket handkerchief in his hand; his whole appearance denoting languor and listlessness.

Proteus. (*in a tone of extreme affectation.*) Don't agitate me; Reach me a chair.—(*Humphrey places one.*) To use the words of my dear friend, Billy Poodle, I am melted to the consistency of blancmange. Oh, oh! (*sinks into a chair, apparently exhausted, and fans himself.*)

Hum. Ha, ha, ha! (*bursts into a loud laugh; Bust. checks him.*)

Bust. The weather is extremely warm indeed, my Lord.

Pro. Warm indeed! The climate of Africa is comparatively cold to what I have this day endured! I feel extremely faint, and scarcely know what to take to relieve me from its effects. Landlord, which do you think is best; some Eau de Cologne, or a little Rose-water?

Hum. A little gin and water would do ye most good, my Lord; it always does I good.

Pro. Barbarian! (*rises*) would you suffocate me? Do you suppose a being of my elegant fabric, delicacy of nerves, and sublimity

of ideas, could endure to inhale draughts of vulgar liquor, like low-bred mechanics? *The bare idea is paralyzing!*

Bust. For shame, Humphrey! Upon my honour, my Lord—

Pro. Don't agitate me, little man. Let me have a glass of cold cherry and water; but if your hands are not perfectly white and soft, I must insist you put on a pair of gloves. Let me look at your hands. *(to Humphrey.) Ah! (walks across, as if disgusted.)*

Hum. This be what they call a *man of fashion*, a lord! He be a devilish deal more like a *monkey!* *(aside.)* [Exit Hum.]

Pro. Really, landlord, this same England is a barbarous nation! The brutes have no consideration for us people of delicate nerves. They conceive because *they* can live upon beef and porter, that we can: how horribly mistaken! *The bare idea of beef is paralyzing!* I will tell you how I pass my day. Wake about noon, call for my valet, consult him as to my dress for the day, (a momentous concern, I assure you!) Rise at two, employ myself till four in adorning my person; stroll down Bond-street, return home at six to dress for dinner; in the evening, look in at a concert, the opera, or theatre; attend Lady Exquisite's party, and retire to rest at day-break:—thus finishes my day. *This is the real life of a man of fashion!*

Bust. Then charity forms no part of your pursuits, my Lord!

Pro. People of fashion leave that to antiquated dowagers, and fusty old bachelors! But if he *wishes* to become notorious for benevolence, he has only to send a trifle to any of the charitable institutions in town, the business is done, and his philanthropy is resounded in all the daily prints without any trouble on his part.

Bust. Dear me, how a man may live and learn!

Pro. Well, landlord, you will provide suitable apartments for me: let them be thoroughly aired, and sprinkled with lavender-water. By the bye, can you cash me a note of 1000*l.* value? I have not any smaller with me. *(displays several notes.)*

Bust. Why, my Lord, I cannot; but I will endeavour to get it done at the bankers. *(attempts to take it.)*

Pro. No matter, it does not signify. *(Aside.)* Egad, my old buck, it is as well you cannot, for the notes are your own! I'll just take a turn, and have a peep at dame Nature's rustic beauties: I shall be back time enough for dinner.

Bust. Allow me to see you to the door.

Pro. Little man, don't agitate me! I think I can walk without your assistance. *The heat is quite paralyzing.* [Exit Pro. affectedly. *(Bustleward bows very obsequiously.)*

Bust. Bless my soul, bless my soul, that gentleman must be very rich, he talks so about his notes! I should like to have a bird or two of my own that would sing to the same tune. But I must see to his accommodations. Here, Fanny.

Enter FANNY.

Bust. Get every thing in order for this great man, my Lord, what the devil is his name? No matter, he has plenty of money, and I don't care a fig for his title. Let him sleep in the best bed-room, and tell the servants to get some lavender-water to sprinkle his apartment. If you execute these orders well, I will give you any thing you ask.

Fanny. Mr. Proteus?

Bust. No! I'll be d——d if I do that.

[Exit hastily.]

Fanny. If my dear Charles succeeds in gaining my father's consent, I must plague him a little before he gets mine! Let me see, how shall I act? First, I'll appear bashful, and reserved; then gradually relax a portion of my timidity, beg he'll not be tiresome; reluctantly grant my acquiescence; go to church, and then—Lud-a-mercy! I must not reflect on that part of the business!

Enter HUMPHREY, very cautiously.

Hum. Missus! young missus! (in a low tone.)

Fanny. Well, Humphrey, what do you want?

Hum. Husb! don't ye speak so loud. As I were a-talking to the hostler at the Robin Hood, just now, Mr. Proteus comes up to I and says,—Humphrey, Humphrey, you be a very mistrustful lad, so give this letter to Miss Fanny, and—mum! (placing his finger on his lip.)

Fanny. (taking the letter,) Thank you, Humphrey! mind you observe his orders.

Hum. I shan't forget, miss—mum! mum! mum!

[Exit Humphrey on tiptoe, holding his finger to lip.]

Fanny. Let me peruse the letter.—(Reads.) “My dear Fanny,—Two of the conditions your father exacted, are performed: the third will soon be concluded. Be still constant, as you value the peace of

“Your faithful

CHARLES.”

Happy tidings! Yes, Charles, I will be constant till the tide of life shall flow no longer.

Bust. (speaks without.) This way Mr. Pinchbeck—take care of the steps.

Fanny. 'Tis my father and Mr. Pinchbeck—assist me, Cupid!

Enter BUSTLEWARD, and PROTEUS, as Pinchbeck, dressed in a large old fashioned great coat, buttoned close to the neck; a handkerchief round his neck; a night-cap and long grey hairs; large dark gaiters; leather-belt; green spectacles, and stick.

Pro. (in an enfeebled voice.) Gently—gently, my dear Sir,—your staircase is so long, and my breath is so—so short—that, eh! (coughing violently.) oh! my complaint!

Bust. (to Fanny.) There's a cough for you. Many an heir would give a thousand pounds for his guardian to have the like.—(To Pro.) Mr. Pinchbeck, here's my daughter.

[N.B. As Mr. Pinchbeck is supposed to be deaf, they all speak very loud.]

Pro. (crossing to centre.) My dear Miss Bustleward, your beauty causes my pa—my pain, to fly as rapidly as ice before the sun.

Fanny. Yes, Mr. Pinchbeck, but like most sudden-thaws the least cold will congeal it more forcibly.

Pro. Ha, ha! bravo! very good. I vow I feel a score of years younger already.

Fanny. Then, if you stay long enough with me, thou wilt soon be a child again.

Pro. Ha, ha! bravo! but wilt thou have me? I am no hot-headed, headstrong boy—time has matured me. I am as true as the clock.

Fanny. Or rather like an unwound time-piece, almost run to a stand still.

Pro. Bravo! ha, ha! Well, but, deary, canst thou fancy me as a husband? 'Tis true, I am not young; but excepting a touch of the got, a taste of rheumatism, and a teasing cough, I ail nothing!!!—But come, wilt thou marry me, my little dear—we shall be so happy—when we repair to church, the people will exclaim, “Ah, sure a pair,” &c. (*attempts to sing, but is prevented by apparent pain.*) Oh! my complaint!

Fanny. My answer will be explicit, Sir. I am determined never to marry you.

Pro. (*aside to Fanny, in his own voice, at the same time lifting up his spectacles.*) My dear Fanny, don't you know me?

Fanny. Is it possible!

Pro. Hush! (*replaces his spectacles, and speaks as Pinchbeck.*) Thou wilt relent, damsel, thou wilt relent! Doom not thy amorous shepherd to despair. (*retires up a little, and comes down.*)

Bust. Remember, Fanny, what I said: reflect how proper a husband he is for you. (*significantly.*)

Fanny. Why, certainly, Sir; when I consider your arguments, the happiness I have a prospect of—(*looking at Pro. who kneels to her, unseen by Bust.*) my duty to you—in short, all these circumstances combined, induce me—to consent.

Pro. And shall I be blest? Gay Hymen's torch will burn with redoubled splendour. The marriage shall take place to-morrow morning, and in the evening, we will have a masked ball. You, Bustleward, shall go as Bacchus—my love here, as Venus—and I, (*with self satisfaction.*) egad, on such an occasion, I shall feel young and well enough to pass for Cupid! (*attempts to dance, but is prevented by apparent pain.*) Oh, my complaint again!

Bust. Have you the agreement for the marriage?

Pro. 'Tis here! (*produces a paper.*)

Bust. I dare say, it's all correct; so we will sign directly. (*laying paper on the table.*)

Pro. Sign! ay, that we will, and seal too. (*kissing Fanny's hand.*)

[*They all go up to the table and seat themselves.*]

Enter HUMPHREY.

Hum. Master! here be a letter. (*gives it.*)

Bust. (*comes to the front of the stage, and opens it.*) Why, I declare, it is from that fellow, Proteus, inclosing the amount of his bill. Well, I am glad to find him possessed of one good trait. I must keep upon the alert though. No knowing what tricks he may play me, when my back is turned.

[*While Bust. is speaking Pro. changes the papers.*]

Pro. No, neighbour! You can't tell what pranks he may be up to, either behind your back, or before your face—ha, ha! but come, let us sign. There is my signature. (*signs.*)

Fanny. And there is mine. (*does the same.*)

Bust. And there is mine. (*signs.*)

Hum. So you want mine, Zur. (*signs.*)

Bust. And now——

Pro. (*taking off his old man's dress, and appearing as Pro.*) And now! my dear father-in-law, I thank you, for all your kindnesses; and on my knees, crave your blessing. (*kneels with Fanny.*)

Bust. Proteus!

Hum. Mr. Proteus! }

Pro. Even he, Sir! who, having paid his bill, (which, by the bye, I did with your own money,) and gained your written consent, (*showing the paper,*) is the happiest fellow in the world!

Hum. Ha, ha, ha!

Bust. I am duped! But stay, there is another condition. You were to impose upon me, as a man of fashion and fortune!

Pro. (*as Lord Fopperell.*) Don't agitate me.—Can you cash me a note for a 1000*l.* value.—I haven't any smaller with me.—Let my apartments be sprinkled with lavender-water.

Hum. Ha, ha, ha!

Pro. Perhaps you are acquainted with this gentleman?—(*as the Frenchman.*) My name is Monsieur Guillaume Jaques de Coeur le Chien, avant courier and premier serviteur to my Lord Augustus de Courcy Agincourt Fopperell.

Hum. Ha, ha, ha!

Bust. Oh, I am a deluded old man! but amongst all my disappointments of to-day, I have made one good bargain, however!—Witness the goods I purchased of the sailor man; *he*, at least, was no impostor.

Pro. You shall judge for yourself.—(*as the Sailor.*) I have just bore down to this port, under all the sail I could crowd, with a cargo of whifflegig nicknackeries, and Frenchified articles. Mayhap, you maun't want somemat of that sort. My name is Sam Haulyard.

Hum. Ha, ha, ha!

Bust. Why, you scoundrel, do you think I'll consent to be swindled in this manner. I'll lay an information against you, for selling contraband articles. I'll have you hanged. I'll——

Pro. Do, Sir; and I will return the compliment: remember the penalty for purchasing contraband articles—besides, the 30*l.* you were to give Sam Haulyard, for kidnapping away your humble servant. But come, Sir, give us your consent, and I'll say no more on the subject.

Bust. (*unwillingly.*) I think I may as well. I always do, when I cannot help it. There! (*joins their hands.*)

Pro. Thank you, father-in-law. Fanny, I'll make you as good a husband as I possibly can.

Fanny. Thank you, Charles.

Pro. Humphrey, I am grateful for your kindness.

[*Coming forward and addressing the audience.*]

My trial's o'er, my task is done,

I hope you like—our *Five in One*!

Free and joyous then will pass my life,

Unvexed by Care, and happy with my wife:

One boon is wanting, still to crown my cause,

My greatest blessing—your applause!!

TWO GALLOWES SLAVES,

(Concluded from Page 38.)

Mac. Instead of me, to choose that silly ass;
 'Tis want of taste; (Tom shakes his fist.

but we'll let that pass.

Molly. Fellow, begone, I've heard thee quite enough;
 I do insist thee, leave this idle stuff.

Mac. The rascal's poor, and far beneath your class.
 Besides, unknown; (Tom stares at him.

but we'll let that pass.

Molly. If love be treasure, we'll be wondrous rich.
 Come, sir, if you're a gentleman, behave as such.

Mac. Oh! I cannot, will not, stay to join the revel—
 Oh, ah, oh! how I wish the bridegroom at the devil.

SONG—MACARONI.

Tune—"Sweet Kitty Clover."

Oh, Molly dear, you bother me so!

Oh! oh, &c.

Oh, Molly dear, you bother me so!

Oh! oh, &c.

To refuse a man, who looks so well in a glass,
 Is rather odd; but we'll let it pass.

Oh, Molly dear, &c.

You've broke my heart, you cruel lass;

But since you won't have me, we'll let it pass.

Oh, Molly dear, &c.

[Exit.

Enter Villagers.

Tom. Come, Moll, my girl, or we shall be late,

Molly. Oh! how my poor heart begins to palpitate.

DUETT—TOM AND MOLLY.

Tune—"Let's away to the bridal."

Let's away, let's away to the wedding,

There will be laughing there,

For Molly's a-going to be married

To the youth with the curly hair.

And I know that we all shall be merry;

Dead drunk, as fiddlers, we'll be;

We'll drink brandy and sherry,

And then who so happy as we.

(All dance; and exit.

SCENE II.—ANCIENT STREET.

Enter MACARONI MAX, with a bottle and glass.

Mac. Well, since this wedding day is come,
 I must regain my spirits and not look glum.
 Sorrow's dry work—so I'll e'en take a glass
 Of this here stuff, its good, so we'll let this pass.
 I must not weep for Molly as I did do:
 But if Tom dies, why, I'll wed his widow.
 O! here she comes, Molly's a charming lass—
 How I wish I was Tom to let that pass.

(Tom & Molly, followed by Villagers, cross the stage and exit.

SCENE III.—THE TREAD MILL.—Prisoners at work.

Enter JAILOR.

Jailor. There, that will do, come down,
 You've work'd quite enough.

How's this,—only six!
Where's that rascal Bill, have any spy'd him:
P'raps he's only hid, when found I'll hide him.

JAILOR sings.

Tune—"Blue Bells of Scotland."

Oh, where, and oh where is that rascal Billy gone?
He certain has escaped, why here's a sad disgrace;
And if he's bolted, why I shall surely lose my place.

Chorus.—He certain has, &c.

AIR—"Twas you, sir."

Do you, sir? or you, sir? or any one of you, sir?
Know how the fellow got away, tell me true;

Chorus. Not I, sir;—nor I, sir;—I see no reason why, sir;
Nor do we know when he did go, and that is true.

Jailor. You lie, sir; you lie, sir;—
All. I swear we do not know, sir;

Nor do we know when he did go, and that is true.

Jailor. Pursue, then; pursue, then;

All. If you wish us, we'll pursue then;

But we don't know when he did go, and that is true.

Chorus. Pursue, then; pursue, then, &c. [Exit all.]

SCENE IV.—NEAR BRIXTON, (as before.)

Enter BILL, (as if escaping.)

Bill. Thank heaven, I've at last escap'd that horrid treading-mill,
But want of food has made me wery ill;
Oh! for some heavy wet, bread, cheese, and ingons.
Ha! heard I a noise? 'twas sure the bailiff's minions,
Who after us poor devils are for ever prowling—
Yes, it was surely them;—no, 'twas my stomach growling.
Well, I can no longer stand, (falls on his knees,) so faint
am I,

That I have nothing left me but to die;
And since on me ould Nick so soon has fix'd on,
I die—and dying, curse the Mill of Brixton.

[Music plays "Legacy." Bill, in attempting to reach Bonhum's
house, falls fainting.]

Enter MACARONI, TOM, BONHUM, MOLLY and Villagers,
dance half round the stage.

Mac. Come, let the sports begin;

But first old covey
We'll have a drop of gin
Our spirits to refresh,

Our hearts to cheer, (nearly falls over Bill)
Zounds and the devil, there's a dead man here. (all start)

Molly. And has thy spirit fled?

Mac. No, its only just got into his head;
No want has he of coffin, hearse or bier—
Enough of beer I think's already here. (striking Bill's head.)

Moll. He's in distress, you surely would not mock it.

Mac. He looks very like a man who would pick a pocket.

Bill. (rising) Oh, oh! my throat's quite parched,
Oh! for a glass of tlicker.

Mac. Run, rascal, run, (to a villager)

Run for some brandy and rum—quicker—

Bill. Leave me alone, nor do me thus attack.

(Bonhum gives Mac, a bottle and glass.)

Mac. (*pouring out*): Here, taste of this, 'tis right good coniac;
(*Bill drinks.*)

(*Pouring from second bottle.*) And this is rum—come take
another glass,
He's a rum fellow; but we'll let that pass.

SONG.—MACARONI.

Tune—

Drink now this glass, for this will inspire thee and fire thee
With courage, health and joy;
Woman and drinking should life employ,
Is there ought else on earth desirous.

Chorus.—Drink now this glass, &c. (*Bill rises.*)

Bill. Harkee, friends, I thank you for your cheer;
But first tell me how I came to lay down here.

Molly. I know not, sir—but hope you'll stay;
'Tis my wedding day.

Bill. No, I must depart.

Molly. To go were quite a sin.

Bill. 'Twill avoid suspicion, (*aside*) I'll stop.

Mac. Then let the sports begin.

Bon. How strange it is last year quite in this plight
We should have Thomas found, all cannot sure be right.

(*Morris dance.*)

MACARONI, MOLLY and BILL sit on a form in front of stage.

Enter TOM from house.

Tom. Welcome, my friends, welcome.

Bill. Ha! that voice I know, I've heard it at the mill,

Mac. and Molly retire up.

(*catches Tom's hand.*)

'Tis so, 'tis so, well come I have found a friend,
That is well.

Tom. Hold your damned tongue.

Bill. Ha! Brother fell—on—

AIR.—“We're a'noddin'.”

We were all treading, tread, tread, treading,
We were all treading at the Brixton mill.
When the cat's away, the mice will play,
And that's a proverb you've heard I dare say;
For such was the case when the jailor was away,
'Twas then that you, my friend Tommy, stole away.
We were all treading, &c.

Tom. Be silent, friend.

Bill. Come, I'll *diskiver* all.

Tom. No don't, the bailiffs are hovering.

Bill. Psha! I heed them not.

Tom. Then take this sovereign.

Bill. Is't a good one? it don't look *very rummy*,

Tom. Upon my soul and body it 'ant a *Brummy*.

Molly. Come Thomas, dear, you keep the dinner waiting,
How can you waste your time in useless prating.

Tom. Stranger, farewell,—mind you don't *blow* me. (*aside.*)

Bill. What! *arter* such a bribe, you don't know me. (*aside.*)

[*Exit all but Bill into Bonhum's house.*]

Bill. And does he think I shall hold my tongue,
'This here money cannot last me long;
And when it's gone, a beggar I must be,

No, no, that 'ere trade will never do for me:
So while the company do their bellies fill,
I'll to the bar with speed and rob the till.

[Exit BILL.]

Enter Villagers, &c. from the House.

(Voices heard within.) Stop thief! stop thief!

Enter BILL hastily, followed by TOM, with a knife in his hand.

BILL. If you do peach, I swear I'll blow you,

So hold your damned tongue, you know, my friend, I know you.

TOM. Fellow, return that purse, or by my soul you stir not.

Fork out the blunt, or this sharp knife

Shall quickly take away thy life.

BILL. Spoony, begone, nor thus your forehead low'r

You know, my friend, I have you in my power.

TOM. Ha! ha! ha!!! that 'ere won't fit, at your pow'r I laugh;

You'll find me deaf to all your idle chaff;

And since to steal I find you are given still,

Of this here steel you quick shall have your fill.

BILL. Beware the Brixton Mill.

TOM. Pshaw!—

BILL. Ha! dost thou threaten, then by my soul I swear
You quick shall have it—there.—

TOM. Where!

BILL. Why there— (*Striking him*) they struggle—BILL gets the
knife from TOM, who falls, and is stuck in the arm, BILL
runs toward the house, sees MOLLY at the door who screams
"Murder."

BILL. Ah! diskiver'd am I;—then I must fly—
Beware! he who follows me, shall die.

[Exit.]

Enter MOLLY and BONHUM from house.

MOLLY. (*Screaming*) Murder! murder! Fire! thieves! watch—
My Tommy's kill'd, oh! wretched, wretched fate (*crying*)
I've just arrived in time to be too late.
Oh! where is the wretch.

Enter MACARONI.

MAC. The wretch; he did this moment pass us,
Looking more fierce than does the huge Bonassus.

MOLLY. O, Tommy, Tommy, I am sore afraid,
That after all I'm doom'd to die a maid:

His coat unbutton, his handkerchief untie—

O, happiness, I find is all my eye

And Betty Martin,—and full many a slip

I find there is betwixt the cup and lip.

DUETT—TOM AND MOLLY.

Tune—"Maid of Lodi."

MOLLY. My head with pain is aching,

TOM. And wounded is my own,

MOLLY. I feel an orrid shaking,

TOM. I fear he's hurt my arm.

MOLLY. I hope you'll soon recover,

TOM. Oh! dear what shall I do.

MOLLY. My own devoted lover,

TOM. Dear Moll I die for you.

TOM. While I have life I'll ne'er forsake her.

[Dies]

Mac. Dear me, he'll be a long job for the undertaker.
So then my lanky rival's dead at last;
We'll get him a patent coffin
Made of iron—cast.

Tom. (Rises.) Fret not, Molly, I shall soon be well,

Mac. Ah! what mean these letters on his arm, H. L.

Ben. 'Tis a felon's mark, alas! alas!

Mac. If that's the case, we must'nt let him pass—
I'll for a constable, you must him guard.

Molly. What mean you—

Mac. O! it means to LABOUR HARD.

Tom. No! no! my friends, the letters mean not that,
You are mistaken.

(Voice without.) Huzza, huzza, the thief is taken.
If that's the case I've sav'd my bacon.

Enter BEADLE, dragging in Bill, followed by Villagers.

SONG—BEADLE.

Tune—*"Robin Adair."*

You now must come to jail

For robbing him,

Without you can find bail

For robbing him.

There, I am glad to say,

You are doom'd to lay

Until our trial day,

For robbing him.

Bill. But first afore you take me off to prison,
I think I'll prove that part the guilt is *his'en*,
And this I swear, that in the Brixton Mill,
We both have worked until we both stood still.

Molly. Explain this mystery for Dolly's sake.

Bea. Pray now be quiet marm, and let him tell on,

Bill. Well then, that 'ere chap is a convicted fellow.
He can't deny it, ax him if he can:

His name's Tom Tough,

Bea. Why 'tis the very man.

Didn't your brother keep what was call'd a *hell*,

Tom. Alas! he did for years,

Bea. I knew him well;

And this he swore before he died,

That all your guilt he solemnly denied.

And by this mistake they had you fixed on,

Instead of him, they sent you off to Brixton,

But I have your pardon got—come look more gayly;

Your brother was hang'd last week at the Old Bailey.

Molly. (Falls on her knees.) The gods have heard my prayers.

Bea. Hence! away! villain! *(to Bill)*

I'll see justice done without delay,—

Aye, this very night—

And if you are not hanged,

Why blow me tight.

Bill attempts to stab Tom, but is prevented by Beadle, who re-enters.

Bea. Away with him.

[Exit Beadle.]

[Bill carried off.]

Molly. At last, ye gods, my griefs are over,
And you will still remain my own true lover.
We'll repeat, if your friends think it right,
Our marriage ceremony each succeeding night.

Mac. Let's to the house, and take a cheerful glass,
That is—kind friends if you will let this pass.

FINALE.

AIR—"Polacca."

Molly. "No more by sorrow chased my heart,
Shall yield, shall yield to fell despair."
With Tom, with Tom's affection blest,
I'll conquer, conquer ev'ry care.

AIR—"Tom Thumb."

Tom. Hey ting,
My heart's on the wing,
I now could jump over the moon,
And since you're my wife,
My own dearest life,
We'll stock a baby house soon.

AIR—"Rob Roy."

Molly. Pardon now our faults, we pray,
Kind friends and patrons all;
Grant us mercy, *gentles*, pray,
Kind friends and patrons all.

Mac. Patronise we pray, this farce,

Tom. Hold your tongue, you silly ass.

Mac. I only beg they'll let this pass,
Kind friends and patrons all.

Chorus.—Patronise we pray, this farce, &c. &c.

Theatrical Diary.

DRURY LANE.

May 30th, *Merchant of Venice*, *Marriage of Figaro*, *Halt of the Caravan*—31st, *Lord of the Manor*, *Swiss Villagers*, *Simpson & Co*—June 2nd, *Liston's Benefit*, *Africans*, *Concert*, *Family Jars*—3rd, *Braham's Night*, *English Fleet*, *Festival of Apollo*—4th, *Mrs. Davison's Night*, *West Indian*, *Halt of the Caravan*, *Catherine and Petruchio*—5th *Elliston's Night*, *Surrender of Calais*, (first time this season,) *Blue Devils*, *Concert*, *No Song No Supper*—6th, *Othello*, *Divertisement*, *Monsieur Tonson*—7th, *Simpson and Co.* *No Song No Supper*, *Giovanni in London*—8th, *Cymbeline*, *Divertisement*, *Giovanni in London*—10th, *Richard the Third*, *Simpson and Co*—11th, *Town and Country*, *Swiss Villagers*, *Frightened to Death*—12th, *West Indian*, *Chinese Divertisement*, *My Spouse and I*—13th, *Wild Oats*, *Halt of the Caravan*, *Simpson and Co*—14th, *Stage Manager's Night*, *Othello*, *Songs*, *Marriage of Figaro*, *Chinese Divertisement*—16th, *King Lear*, *Giovanni in London*—17th, *Harley's Benefit*, *Rivals*, *Festive Cottagers*, *Brother and Sister*—18th, *Benefit of Cooper and Knight*, *Adelgitha*, *Hob in the Well*, *Turn Out*.

The opera of the "*Lord of the Manor*" was played here a second time on May 31st—Braham introduced "*Love among the Roses*," which, though he sung well, was too much encumbered with flourishes. Penley's *Young Contrast* was at a fearful distance from Jones's acting in the same part. Harley, in *La Nippi*, was bustling and animated. Ralph found an able representative in Knight. Miss Stephens was very arch in *Annette*, and sang the "*Dashing*"

white Serjeant," with great effect. Liston's *Moll Flaggon*, was irresistibly droll:—his pertinacity to be considered one of the *fauxsez* uncommonly amusing.

On the evening Mr. Elliston took his benefit, Colman's play of the "*Surrender of Calais*," was performed, in which Kean played *Eustache de St. Pierre* most admirably. The petit piece of "*Blue Devils*" followed; Young playing *Megrim*, though not so well as Terry we think.—The Lessee returned thanks in a long and very able speech, delivered with his accustomed *persuasive* eloquence. We regret to say, we have been disappointed in obtaining a copy of this address, but we shall use our utmost to give it in our next. The house was crowded to excess.

"*Othello*" was played on Wednesday se'nnight to a fashionable audience. Kean portrayed the Moor with more than usual energy, nicety of feeling, and sway of passion; and its great prevailing excellence makes us more regret the notice of one or two triflings, which evidently detract from the grandeur and imposition of his *Othello*. We here allude to a too frequent pause—a quibbling—which, however great be our valuation of Mr. Kean's genius, has a little appearance of *trick*. We are elevated, raised, by the astonishing emanation of mind and feeling, and then checked in the mid enjoyment of imagination, by the unaccountable wanderings of its object. It is the vast and laurelled warrior bending to pluck *unsubstantial* trifles, when its legitimate and worthy adornment tempts his grasp! The roused ireful lion whimpering with the hare! In every other respect Mr. Kean is the *Othello* of Shakspeare; and whose genius itself, will not be less enduring in the public mind, though not flattered by servility, nor immortalized in *wood*—fulsome encomium, and "*worse bust*." Mr. Young's *Iago* is a performance of beautiful uniformity, level, classic, and "*sans tache*." Every sentence is given as it would find delivery by the world, and free from that meretricious coloring too frequently thought indispensable for *stage effect*. Cooper, as *Cassio*, was excellent: his drunken scene, with his subsequent exposure, and self-upbraiding, formed in themselves an admirable moral. Penley was the "*Snipe*" *Roderigo* to the life. It may argue, in us, a great spirit of democracy in having ever to find fault with the Sovereigns, Dukes, and other sprigs of infallible royalty presented to us, but we can avow, the error is not in the discontentedness of our disposition, but from the badness of the article foisted upon us. We would that the gagging maxim that "the king can do no wrong" could find believers in theatric votaries, it would have been a fortunate thing for our own ease, and more so for Mr. King, who played the *Duke* on this evening. We have every respect for the ebullitions of Rowland Hill, but we do not like to hear them echoed by the *Duke of Venice*, though certainly, Mr. King did at intervals give them an *ad libitum* response: his counsels could not fail to appease *Brabantio*; for assuredly they were of a most soporific tendency, and would have acted as a "soothing syrup" on a whole senate. It is strange by what trifles pleasing recollections are sometimes inspired, for we never see King but we are instantly made to think of *We're a' Noddin*. Some pleasures, from their excess, lack words to give them utterance, of

such a kind was our felicity on Wednesday, when he heard Mr. K. say, "good-night to every one." *Desdemona* is the loveliest sample of a lovely sex, and as such was she represented by Mrs. W. West. Mrs. Glover's *Emilia* was deservedly applauded.

COVENT GARDEN.

May 30th, *King John*, Cent. per Cent.—31st, *Antiquary*, Cent. per Cent. June 2nd, *As You Like It*, *Vision of the Sun*—3rd, *Farley's Night*, *Exile*, Concert, *Vision of the Sun*—4th, *Clari*, Cent. per Cent. *Irish Tutor*—5th, *Miss Foote's Benefit*, *Virginius*, *Matrimony*, *Forest of Bondy*—6th, *Rob Roy Macgregor*, *The Duel*—9th, *Macbeth*, *Vision of the Sun*—10th, *Much ado about Nothing*, *Forest of Bondy*—11th, *Clari*, Cent. per Cent.—12th, *Comedy of Errors*, Cent. per Cent.—13th, *Miss Chester's Night*, *Provoked Husband*, *Day after the Wedding*, *Midas*—14th, *Barber of Seville*, *The Duel*, *Paul and Virginia*—16th, *Venice Preserved*, *Vision of the Sun*—17th, *Isaac and Claremont's Night*, *Maid Marian*, *Irish Tutor*, *Forty Thieves*—18th, *Clari*, Cent. per Cent. *Irish Tutor*.

Sheridan Knowles' beautiful tragedy of "*Virginius*" was performed here on the evening Miss Foote took her Benefit. Whatever doubts may be entertained (and we have heard a great many) of the merit of this play as a poem, there cannot be a question but that it is one of the most effective and interesting pieces the stage can at present boast of: it has been played but once this season, previous to its performance on the above evening, and, on the former occasion, it was our misfortune to be absent from the theatre: its announcement for the young lady's night, and her politeness, enabled us to witness its representation. The gratification we experienced was, in every sense of the word, complete. Of Macready's acting in "*Virginius*" it is impossible to speak too highly. Often as we have had the pleasing task of praising this gentleman in various first rate characters, yet in this part he surpassed our expectations, much as we had heard of his ability;—it is so perfect a delineation of the Roman soldier, that we should be compelled to quote every line of every scene in which he is concerned, to point out its beauties; yet we should be guilty of an injustice to our own judgment, did we not express our unqualified approbation of two scenes particularly:—the trial scene, where *Appius Claudius* declared *Virginia* a slave, and the last one where *Virginius* is discovered bestriding the dead body of the decemvir, paralyzed with the greatness of his misery, all his faculties seemed to be absorbed in the contemplation of the dreadful object of his revenge:—this was particularly fine, as was his apparent return to reason, when his daughter's urn was presented to him. C. Kemble, though somewhat too old to look like a youthful lover, performed *Icilius* excellently, the defence of *Siccius Dentatus* against the fury of the Plebeians, and his protection of *Virginia* from the creature of *Appius*, were given with great energy and effect. Abbott, generally good, was on this occasion very far otherwise:—he appeared to misconceive his character altogether;—some parts of his acting were really comic; when seized by *Virginius*, and his laugh, (intended we presume for an hysteric one)—was very ridiculous, and excited the risibility of the audience. Miss Foote played *Virginia* in a very interesting manner: the scenes with her father were particularly chaste

and pleasing:—her manner of averting her head when *Virginius* discovers her affection for *Icilius*, was irresistible:—it was a performance which defied criticism, for the heart acknowledged its fidelity, and echoed back its truth.

The amusing comic scetch of "*Matrimony*" followed, in which Macready personated *Delaval* with some humour, and Miss Foote pleased us much as *Clara*.

Miss M. Tree sang the song of "*Rest, warrior, rest*" very sweetly,—after which the "*Forest of Bondy*," played very well, concluded the evening's entertainment, which we never remember to have passed more agreeably to ourselves, or in company with a more elegant and numerous auditory.

With minds unprejudiced, and totally regardless of the many accounts which we have received of Miss F. H. Kelly's being unjustly kept from a further display of her abilities, we attended this House on Monday last, to witness her second appearance in *Belvedera*. With us it is always a painful task to withhold praise from a lady: but as we must not suffer our feelings to influence our judgment:—we are compelled to avow our opinion of her *incompetency* to sustain characters in the higher walk of the drama: we spoke of her *Juliet* in qualified terms of approbation;—the same observations will apply to her performance of *Belvedera*.—Where the artless but affectionate daughter, or the confiding, doating wife, are to be delineated, we know of no one so capable of representing them as Miss F. H. Kelly;—but when the poet depicts the heart-rending throes, the extremes of mental anguish, the very bitterness of sorrow,—it requires powers of a superior order to mimic them. Time, and the study of good models, may do much for this young lady; but at present we consider her totally unfit for first-rate tragedy. We regret that she has been so ill advised as to make trial of her abilities so early in life; had she waited till her physical powers were more matured, her success would have been certain. We trust at some future period to be able to alter our opinion of her talents. C. Kemble is unquestionably the best *Jaffier* on the stage;—but Macready's *Peirre* is a careless unfinished outline of a noble character,—he should re-study it, and that immediately, or his fame may suffer.

HAYMARKET THEATRE.

June 16th, *Summer Flies*, *Cure for the Heart Ache*, *Family Jars*—17th, *School for Scandal*, *Agreeable Surprise*—18th, *Summer Flies*, *Heir at Law*, (1st Time) *Mrs. Smith*, or *the Wife and the Widow*.

This ancient little establishment, the true temple of Momus, opened on Monday to a most crowded audience.—A prelude, called "*Summer Flies*," began the entertainments; but it only served as a relish for something better, notice will be useless, as no doubt it will cease being played with the first week.

"*Cure for the Heart Ache*" followed. There are fortunate persons in every situation, that, placed above censure or applause, hold an undisputed sway, and by some happy faculty, form opinions as they will, which, would they menace disapprobation in part, are compelled to silence by the redeeming power of great assured delights.—

Such an actor is Liston—Let him be placed, as one would imagine, in total opposition to his destined course, and creating a scene of his own, we willingly go with him, and are equally untroubled with his aberration.—The managers know this truth.—Liston's *Old Rapid* was, on this evening, every thing that humour and drollery could create;—and yet how different to the purposed character.

Mr. Vining, from Norwich, made his first appearance in *Young Rapid*. This gentleman possesses great flow of spirit, united to a graceful form and prepossessing countenance, three great qualifications for theatric practice;—he went through the part with much success; and when we have again witnessed his efforts, we shall speak more fully of his pretensions.—First appearances are awkward affairs—the candidate, impressed by the necessity of doing something, evinces, perhaps, an unusual degree of skill to his general deportment;—and again, alarmed and nervous, judgment is often lost in the agitation of the moment, and repetition only can disclose that moety and aptness of discrimination which alone compose an actor.—However, we have great hopes of Mr. Vining.—Mr. W. West sustained the part of *Frank Oatland*—this has been so favorite a picture with the public, that great energies are necessary for a rival production.—Notwithstanding Mr. W. West was always respectable, sometimes good—one circumstance we must make mention of—nature is a close discernor; Mr. West—when *Frank Oatland* waits upon the Nabob, he should not endeavour to substantiate his assertion by a practical proof, that “he could dance twice as long as sister;” therefore, the double-shuffle of Mr. West is by no means indispensable to the character of the scene.—Williams is an actor, and, however disposed, shews his legitimate title to the character: his *Vortex* was excellent.—The *Farmer Oatland* of Mr. Hammond made us regret that his powers were confined by so bad a part—we had hoped, from former recollections of this gentleman, to have seen him bestowed in a manner more worthy his attentions; but managers have sometimes strange vagaries.—Mrs. Chatterly is not “the Child of Nature;”—nothing could be more opposite to the simple, artless *Jessy Oatland*, than her studied precision.—Mrs. Chatterly, in the fashionable *made-up* lady is perhaps as well as we could wish; but when dressed for *Jessy Oatland*, (and by-the-bye we never saw *Jessy Oatland* dressed as on Monday) it is gentility in masquerade, the fair tenant of the drawing-room in garden-attire and walking pumps.—We allow that every care was bestowed to make the picture a seductive one, but simplicity was entirely wanting—the outward habiliament was in perfect unison with Mrs. C's delineation of *Jessy*.—

“For all so tight the nymph had laced it,
Not a charm of beauty's mould
Presumed to stay, where nature placed it.”

We beg leave to disavow every wish to set in judgment on “loose bodied gowns,” and “sleeves curiously cut”—but though poets have generously given some elevation of idea to pastoral nymphs, yet they do not hint at their ever repairing to the west for a “set off” for blandishments.

Love is a very pretty passion, and certainly not a confined feeling, but somehow or other, an audience does not like to hear any one

talk about Cupid, when they imagine he must be a very ancient acquaintance of the party apostrophizing. Miss Boyce *might* have been interesting one time in *Miss Vortex*; but persons cannot, unfortunately inspire interest to the end of the chapter. As we cannot give very great praise to Mrs. Orger, no apology is requisite for depriving her of precedence.

"*Family Jars*" followed, with no alteration in the *Dramatis Personæ*, if we except the introduction of Mrs. Jones and Mr. W. West in place of Mrs. Pearce and Oxberry—which call for no other observation than that of regret.

On Wednesday Colman's admirable comedy of the "*Heir at Law*" was played; in which Vining, as *Dick Dowlas*, displayed considerable volatility and animation, and proved himself a valuable acquisition to the theatre. Mr. W. West, as *Zekiel*, though we cannot admire the dialect he adopted, played with feeling and good taste; we hope, however, he will not attempt *too much*; he has talent, and should take care not to soar too high. Liston's *Lord Duberley*, and Terry's *Pangloss*, were admirable specimens of comic ability. A Mrs. Jones, from Norwich, made her *debut*;—it is perhaps ungracious to judge of a lady's talent by a first essay, which must be very embarrassing: but, we must confess, we saw nothing in her performance to entitle her to be placed above those whom we have been accustomed to see play such characters as *Lady Duberley*; we, of course, except Mrs. Davenport, before whom this lady must "hide her diminished head." We shall take care to witness her next effort, and, should we find occasion, give her the praise she deserves. We did not like Mrs. Orger's *Cicely*, it was not artless enough. A new one act piece, from the pen of Mr. Kenny, we are told, called "*Mrs. Smith, or the Wife and the Widow*," was produced on this evening. The plot is as follows:

Mrs. Smith, (Mrs. Orger,) and her husband, (Liston,) take lodgings in a boarding-house where another Mrs. Smith, (Mrs. Chatterley,) a gay young widow, is also residing. The Widow is courted by a Mr. Wentworth, (Vining,) a dashing sprig of fashion. The lover, in paying his devoirs to the Widow, encounters Mr. Smith, and makes him believe that his wife is unfaithful; while the supposition of her being married to another, drives Wentworth nearly mad.—A quarrel and challenge ensues, each believing himself the injured party; both Mrs. Smith's have uncles, who are expected to arrive in London. The Uncle of the Widow, (Williams,) does arrive, and is shocked to hear of his relative's depravity, from him whom he thinks her husband. The equivocal is ably kept up, until the appearance of both the ladies clears up the mystery, and the parties are reconciled.

Such is a hasty sketch of the plot of one of the most agreeable little pieces we ever witnessed at this delightful theatre. The dialogue is elegant and witty,—the situations most laughable,—and the acting admirable throughout. The piece is, we think, likely to have a long run, and was announced for repetition, without a single voice against it.

SURREY THEATRE.

The novelty of a low comedian attempting a first rate character in tragedy, induced us to visit this theatre on the 10th instant; the evening was appropriated for the benefit of Buckingham and Buckstone: the former of whom was announced for the arduous cha-

racter of *Richard the Third*. The first impression on our minds was, that this was a daring effort of ill-governed vanity, and we were vexed to see a good comic actor risk his well-earned reputation in one effort. The first soliloquy dispelled, in a great measure, our prejudice, and the progress of the piece convinced us that Buckingham was an actor, who not only understood his author, but had stuff enough about him to make a good performer. It would be idle, indeed, to assert that he presented to our view a *Kean* picture of the crook-backed tyrant; but it was such a one as we have seen several, who hold a high place in the dramatic world, incompetent to give. We may, perhaps, be censured for saying so much of an actor at a minor house; but we hold it to be a point of duty to praise merit, though we find it in a barn. With study and attention this young man will make an excellent performer; but we recommend him to stick to the regular drama, and copy nature, for he may depend, so long as he continues at a minor establishment, he will scarcely ever be noticed. A young gentleman of the name of Blanchard played the short but interesting part of *Tressell*: the remembrance of this youthful aspirant's admirable writings in a contemporary print, prepossessed us much in his favour; and, with the single drawback of a want of sufficient energy in some parts, he delivered the speeches most excellently:—his action was appropriate, and his deportment bespoke the scholar and the gentleman. Miss Edmiston's *Queen* was very good, and formed, by the chaste manner in which it was played, a pleasing contrast to the boisterous, but highly-praised acting of a certain great actress at one of the patent theatres. Of the other actors a word will suffice:—they were, without exception, execrable. An afterpiece, founded upon "*Hit or Miss*," followed, and introduced to our notice, a Mr. Martin, as *O'Daisey*—his figure is rather against him in the personation of Irish characters; but his brogue is very rich:—he has considerable natural humour, and some taste in singing. Buckstone's *Jerry Blossom*, though it many times reminded us of Knight, being very much like an imitation, was on the whole good. Three or four scenes of a pantomime concluded the night's entertainment, in which Buckingham displayed much agility as *Clown*.

Having, in some of our former Numbers, given insertion to the comic sketch of "*Five in One*," we considered it our duty to witness its performance on Friday. Walpole, (the author of it,) exerted himself laudably to please, and exhibited some talent in the personation of the various characters.

How sickening it is to turn from the contemplation of modest talent, and behold ignorant vanity, and besotted folly!—we allude to that egotistical, self-puffing, placard hero, Mr. Grove!! If nature has not made him an idiot, his own absurd longings after theatrical notoriety has driven him mad. One or the other he must be; for what but the grossest folly, or most incurable insanity, could induce a man to print bills, with many passages from "*Hamlet*," marked with the quantity of rounds of applause, like the flash report of a prize-fight! Really, if this same Mr. Grove has any relatives who desire to see him free from harm, we recommend them to obtain his admission into some lunatic asylum, where he will find

poor unfortunates like himself, who are able to rave in unison. Take the following puff-direct as a proof of his insanity; and if any jury in the universe could, after this strong evidence, refuse a commission of lunacy, he is the *Roscus* of the age, and we the veriest block-heads that ever wasted ink or blotted paper.

"*Theatrical Information!*—The professional gentleman, (i. e. Mr. Grove,) who performs *Hamlet*, on Monday next, June 16, 1823, at the Surrey Theatre, and whose success has been pre-eminent before crowded and overflowing audiences in most of our provincial theatres, and whose attraction at the above theatre has exceeded all precedent, is about to be engaged, for three years, at the Theatre Royal, Drury-lane, to supply, (Heaven help us!—as likely as a brick-bat stopping up the crater of Vesuvius,) the place of Mr. Kean, who intends to retire from the stage." If this be true, the powers of good taste defend us from the torture of witnessing Mr. Grove's *butchery* of Shakspeare, &c.

SADLERS WELLS.

This pretty summer Theatre continues to thrive under the able management of Mr. Egerton. The water piece is deservedly popular, in which Mrs. E. is seen to great advantage.—Several novelties are forthcoming, which we shall duly notice.

ROYAL COBURG.

Three new pieces have been brought out at this house within the last fortnight:—of the first, entitled the "*Massacre of Cyprus, or the Grecian Amazon*," little in the way of commendation can be said:—its plot was complicated, and required some little difficulty to unravel: it however was of a little utility, as it afforded an opportunity for some tolerable acting by Huntley and Rowbotham. The second is an operatic parody, called "*The Death of Life in London*"; it is said to be written by Mr. Greenwood, the scene painter, and is a very fair specimen of his talents for satire.—As may be supposed by the title, it is intended to ridicule the nearly obsolete Pierce Eganish folly.—There are some very good parodies upon well known songs, &c. the best of which is one on the celebrated chorus in *Macbeth*, well executed, and very laughable. The character of Shakspeare's Ophelia, is also burlesqued with some ability, although we could have wished the author had selected some other subject for his wit;—on the whole, however, it is very amusing, and will doubtless have a good run.

The last production is a melo-drame, founded on the last novel of the celebrated author, of Waverly, called "*Quentin Durward*." To such of our readers as have not read the novel, we beg to offer a brief outline of the plot.

Quentin Durward, (Stanley) the cadet of a Scotch family of distinction, is compelled by a party feud to seek for employment in the Scotch guard of Louis the Eleventh of France, (Rowbotham). *Quentin's* maternal uncle, *Ludovic Leslie*, (Loveday) being one of the archers, through his influence he obtains an appointment in the service of Louis:—he is sent as an escort with *Isabella*, Countess of Croye, (Mrs. Pope,) to Liege, and, by his courage and fidelity, wins her heart. *William de la March*, (Smith) commonly called the *Boar of Ardennes*, attacks the castle of Liege, and murders the reverend Bishop;—this excites the anger of Louis, and *Charles the Bold, Duke of Burgundy*, (Howell,) who jointly attack the city of Liege, and defeat the *Boar of Ardennes*. The price for the

head of *de la Marck* being the hand of *Isabella*, *Quentin* defeats him, and receives the reward of his bravery. In the finale is a trifling *déviatio*n from the novel, and certainly an improvement, in as much as *De la Marck*, falls by the hand of *Durward* instead of *Lesley*, as in the novel.

The piece has been well got up, possesses considerable interest, and is well played. A Mr. Haines, who is said to be the adaptor of this drama, made his first appearance on Monday:—he is a tolerable melo-dramatic actor, and will with attention become popular here. All the performers exerted themselves except Bradley, who played and looked his part like a hardened newgate bird:—he should recollect that *Dunois* is a knight and a gentleman, and not likely to exhibit the manners of a pickpocket.

DAVIS'S ROYAL AMPHITHEATRE.

Among the present list of minor theatres, this establishment, during the summer season, has claim to the decided preference. There is a certain respectability due to the house, that brings with it an association of ideas which we remember to have imbibed from our earliest period;—the name of "Astley's" has been the passport to mirth, astonishing feats, and peculiar entertainment, through "generations":—its amusement is the first promise made to our "little ones" as a stimulus to attainment,—it is the first question of our "country cousins;" and, through a very wide class and circle of society, it diffuses ample pleasure. The theatre appears to be crowded every evening, and we are much gratified in witnessing the exertions of the manager attended with so much success. The harlequinade from and called "*Life in London*," has introduced "the retired champion" (Cribb and Spring;) but we are not at all disposed to enter into the merits of these said *championships*; neither do we profess to maintain a maturity of judgment and decision upon the superiority of the "hits and counter-hits" of the gymnastic heroes; however, there is a credit due to Mr. C. Dibdin in bringing forward every thing in the shape of novelty, and for the kind of novelty, why *chacun a son gout*.

The burletta of "*Dr. Syntax*" is a pleasing trifle, and told accordingly. Herring, as the adventurous hero, was highly amusing.

OLYMPIC THEATRE.

M. Alexandre's Entertainment has been much improved by the addition of the celebrated *Cellar Scene*, in which he exhibits his unequalled powers of Ventriloquism in a truly surprising manner. The House has been well and fashionably attended since our last.

VAUXHALL GARDENS.

This fascinating place of amusement has, during the last fortnight, been attended by crowded assemblies of beauty and fashion. It is with pleasure we resume our notice of the improvements. The absence of Madame Saqui is ably supplied by Mr. Blackman, who dances with much grace on the tight rope, and makes the adventurous ascent to the top of the Moorish tower with as much apparent ease and presence of mind, as if he were walking on terra firma.—Another novelty this Season is a beautiful illuminated mountain, erected on a superior scale by Mr. Morris, which has a very pleasing effect.—There are several Cosmóramas, in which the eye is gratified to the fullest extent by an exhibition at once pleasing and

instructive. The fire-works are much increased in splendour, and form an agreeable finale to the evening's amusement.

Having endeavoured to give our readers a slight sketch of the alterations (an imperfect one 'tis true) we cannot close our remarks, without expressing our praise to the Proprietors for the judicious arrangements they have made this Season:—until they came into their possession, Vauxhall Gardens was proverbial for ill dressed provisions, bad wines, and shameful extortion;—but now the company are supplied with eatables of the best quality, and good wines, at a reasonable rate; a list of prices being posted up in every box to prevent imposition of the waiters. The inconvenience so much complained of by respectable parties, of being annoyed while at supper by drunken bucks and “pretty-simmers”, is completely removed, by the erection of several Octoedrical supper rooms, in which, without any additional expence, parties are accommodated with as much comfort as in their own drawing rooms. To sum up our remarks in a few words, we are convinced that no evening can be passed, at this delightful season, with more real gratification than in these elegant and fashionable Gardens:—we shall occasionally refer to them, and give a more particular description of their beauties, from the pleasure of doing which we are at present deprived.

MISS A. M. TREE.

(BY D. W. JERROLD.)

(From *La Belle Assemblée* for June.)

Yes, I have felt, when melody hath waked
An impulse but to music giv'n,
Spell-bound and charm'd the trembling heart hath quaked,
And ecstasy its core hath riv'n;
But transient as the breeze in summer bow'rs—
Gently ruffling a rose or two;
There rioted no leaf among the flow'rs—
But quick could be relaid by dew.

Oft has the swell of harmony mine ear
Enchanted with its syren sigh;
Awhile has pamper'd in its luscious sphere,
That, courtier-like, would still say “aye,”
As long as feeding on the pleasing gifts
Of lib'ral song—but soon as ceas'd—
No inward joy the charmed spirit lifts—
Giver is forgotten with the feast.

Not so thy deep and all-subduing strain,
Mem'ry and that are ne'er apart;
It wraps the sense—it pierces through the brain,
And frequent vibrates in the heart.
There lives a soul within its slightest breath
To people fancy with a throng
Of tuneful cherubs, never meant for death—
Rais'd beings of a fairy's song.—

And oh, that group of inexpressive things
Which sometimes shine upon the day
Of man, like lov'd and loving regal kings
In vast and glorious array;
Hallowing the hour from grosser thought,
Which, bound by sacred holy chain,
Remembrance feels 'tis passion's magic wrought,
And sees the pageant glow again.

Oh! 'tis a sound at which all feelings stay
 Mute, yet deepening—sweetly bless'd—
 And gaining beauty, like some calm-hush'd bay
 That holds a sunbeam on its breast—
 Dear gift, that yielding brightness yields, too, peace,
 Sacred to thee, the slumb'ring wave
 Fears not the ruffling tempest's wild release,
 Nor lawless winds' loud sounding rave.
 Fair Queen of Song—though other strains may join
 In rivalry 'gainst thy control,
 For her alone the chaplet would I twine
 Who sings not to the ear, but soul;
 Whose breathings, ardent as that morning bird
 That to the sun prefers his tale,
 Combine to accents, but near heaven heard,
 The passion of the nightingale.

Thespian Oracle.

A new Theatre has opened at Loughborough, under the auspices of Mr. Bennett.—The edifice is at present in a rather unfinished state; but will, when completed, vie with our best provincials.

Mr. Kean has actually given a boat to a waterman, in commemoration of Garrick's farewell, and this boat is called the "Othello prize boat." We are not exactly aware what professional sympathies exist toward the late historic hero from the *Tom Tugs* of Hungerford-stairs, that their veneration for departed genius should be further excited by such an *applicable* present, but we suppose, that is not altogether the thing; for without doubt, Mr. Kean's health was given with three times three at the Ship and Shovel, Hungerford-market.—Oh! this "bubble reputation!"

BIRMINGHAM.

"*The Heir at Law*" was acted on Thursday, with nearly the same talent as last season. The *Pangloss*, *Dick*, and *Duberley*, of Messrs. Wrench, Power, and Oxberry, are familiar to our readers and their auditors—so, by the-bye, is Butler's *Zehiel*. We had occasion last season to allude to Mr. Oxberry in an historical point of view, referring to his probable descent from "our Vth Harry," owing to his palpable acquaintance with *A-gin-court*. His performance on this occasion convinced us of the truth of our previous remark, and should an opportunity again occur (*which we by no means doubt*) we shall visit it "more in ANGER than in sorrow."—Miss Kenneth made a very interesting *Caroline Dormer*;—and the most fastidious could neither wish nor find any thing more replete with nature, genuine sensibility, and speaking truth, than Mrs. Waylett's *Cicely*.—Mrs. Daily improves *daily*, and got through "my lady" with correctness and propriety, to say the least of it.

Birmingham Theatrical Looker-on.

Mr. and Mrs. Liston were lately supping with George Colman. It was getting very late, when Liston said to his wife, (who is of singularly short stature) "Mrs. L.—it's time to be going;"—to which Colman observed, "Mrs. L?—You mean Mrs. *Inch*, I think."

EPITAPH by Mr. Shiel, on the death of his late new tragedy, called "*The Hugonot*," after three night's existence.

Rest here! my dearly blighted flower;
 Short was thy sweet narcotic hour—
 Rest here; thy beauty, name forgot—
 Rest here, my pretty—*You go not.*

Birmingham Theatrical Looker-on.

END OF VOL. II.

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